Qu. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed good *Alexander.*

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worlds Commander.

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander.*

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. Your ſeruant and *Coſtard.*

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander.*

Clow. O ſir you haue ouerthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror? and afraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander.* There an't ſhall pleaſe you: a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, and ſoone daſht. He is a maruellous good neighbour inſooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Aliſandar*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Cu.*

Qu. Standaſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe.
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *Exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy.*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not *Iſcariot* ſir.
Iudas *I am*, ycleped *Machabeus.*

Dum. Iudas *Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kiſsing Traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas?*

Ped. *Iudas I am.*

Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas.*

Ped. What meane you ſir,?

Boy. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped.

Ped. I will not be put of countenance.

Ber. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boy. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce

Boy. The Pummell of *Cæſars* Faulchion.

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drav
And now forward, for we haue put thee in cou

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do ſo.

Boy. Therefore as he is an Aſſe, let him goe
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude.* Nay, why doſt thou

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iu*

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not hu

Boy. A light for mounſier *Iudas*, it growes dark, h

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath he b

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes H

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me
merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in reſpect of

Boy. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timbe

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector.*

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boy. No he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector.*

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes

Ber. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the*
Hector *a gift.*